THE PRESIDENT SHOT. A Mortal Wound from an Assassin's Hand.

Fired On in a Washington Railroad Depot.

Arrest of the Murderer Charles Guiteau.

THE MAN SAID TO BE INSANE.

Mrs. Garfield Hurries to Her Husband's Bedside.

The Vice-President on his Way at Midnight to the Capital.

A Deed that has Filled the Country with Horror.

Wherever the telegraph reaches the world was shocked yesterday by the announcement of the attempted assassination of the President. he intended to visit friends in New York and Massachusetts. The man who fired the shots that it is feared may prove fatal was arrested. He had led an irregular life in Various letters written by him, and his utter-

at Long Branch, where she had been seeking reached the bedside of her dying husband early shooting. He recognized his wife and friends. tude, and was self-contained and cheerful.

The physicians attending him were during most of the day fearful that the wounds would Garfield's condition was slightly better.

In this city the excitement was high. Vice-President Arthur started for Washington at midnight. The tragedy is fully described in the despatches and reports given below.

THE SHOOTING DESCRIBED.

Washington, July 2.—President James A. Garfield was shot this morning by an assassin in the waiting room of the Pennsylvania Railroad depot. Before this announcement is read the President may be dead. It was done in a moment-two reports the seizure of the assessin. than it takes to write it. But the news spread through the stredts with amazing rapidity. Here comes a mounted policeman gallopping down the avenue at his utmost speed, his face blanched, himself the picture of terror, which was sufficient cause for the alarm which he created among those who saw him. "The President is shot! The President is shot!" he shouted and screamed. The words were taken from his line and conveyed faster than he himself was riding. Here comes a carriage driving with furious speed, justifying the confusion that followed in its wake. Here follows a mounted policeman, looking neither to right nor to left, almost riding over people, as if careless of life in his urgency. It seemed as if word passed into the departments as by magic. Instantly, as though some terrible fliocked by scores and hundreds to the steps of the Treasury, Pension Office, and other departments. Men commenced to run, saying to one another as they passed, "The President has been murdered." Yet people doubted it. No one could be found who could corroborate it. The galloping horsemen, the furiously driving spoke that something terrible had happened. It was known, however, that there was trouble somewhere, and it was not long before the news came that the President lay dying in a room of the Baltimore and Potomac Depot.

THE START FROM THE WHITE HOUSE. Mr. Garfield, in the very best of health and spirits, left the White House this morning in Harry Garfield. Postmaster-General James and his wife and Secretary Windom and his wife had already been driven to the depot, and were there waiting the arrival of the President in a special car, which had been set apart for them. The depot was thronged. In the ladies' room was a nervous, short, thick-set man, restless in his movements, passing back and forth, his conduct striking enough to attract the attention of the woman in charge. George, the wellknown colored coachman, drove to the steps, and the door of the coach was opened. The President was not in any hurry to get out. A porter took the luggage through the ladies' room. The President seeing a depot cial asked him how much time he had before

The President made no haste to leave the carringe, but sat talking with Secretary Blaine in the most informal and chatty manner. They did not expect to see one another for some weeks for it was Mr. Blaine's purpose to go to his home in Maine in a day or two for a prolonged stay. The President step-ped from the carriage. Mr. Blaine after bim. and as he stood there waiting he lifted his hat to a lady. His physical health seemed so robust as to cause the lady to speak of it to her husband. The President entered the depot. Mr. Biaine with him, and was passing along the aisle leading from the door to the inner or large waiting room. Suddenly there was a report so foud and resonant that every one supposed one of those large firecrackers used on the Fourth of July had been fired. The President himself did not apprehend trouble, not even paying the slightest heed to the report. Had be done so, had he turned, he might be done so, had he turned, he might possibly have seen the assassin, who stood there each and quiet, and not more than three feet behind him, with a revolver pointed at his back. But the President did not the weapon was a large-sized revolver. The President of the weapon was a large-sized revolver. The President of the weapon was a large-sized revolver. The President of the weapon was a large-sized revolver.

slightest uneasiness. and even, thronged as the depot was, people within arms' reach of the assassin, no one seemed to realize or to know that murder was about to be committed. It was in an instant. The reports were only such a time apart as sufficed for the recocking of the revolver. Then came the second one. The President stopped, turned, saw the assassin standing there with the ready revolver, and for an instant the President and his murderer were face to face. Then

sciousness but to weakness, and even before he could be caught he fell to the floor, striking the bench as he did so. There was terror at once. The Secretary of State seemed instantly to realized what had happened and what its consequences were. He shouted for help. He called "Rockwell, Rockwell, where is Rockwell?" Then he turned and seemed about to pursue the assassin. but the assassin was already in the firm grasp of an officer. Then the Secretary of State

tender hands had raised Mr. Garfield's head.
Mrs. Smith, the lady in charge of the
room, in an instant was by his side.
She had even in the brief time that was necessary for her to reach him, giving or-ders that water be brought at once. Kneeling there beside him, she raised his head and placed it in her lap and bathed his face. The President uttered no sound and said not a word, but when his son Harry came running back from the outer platform and saw his father, who but a moment ago he had left in such splendid health and vigor and now prostrate, with half-closed eyes and feeble brow, he knelt by his father weeping, and the President

said something to him which no one but the son heard. He made a brief reply in a low voice, and then the President closed his eyes again. It was for the moment impossible to say how or where the President had been wounded. It was enough to know that he had received such a wound as required instant medical attendance. The depot in a moment was packed. People stood around him standing tiptoe behind each other, so that not only the President, but

his attendants suffered greatly for the lack of air. The building was cleared, and a mattress was brought. The President was tenderly lifted and placed upon it, still uttering no sound, and was borne to the Superintendent's

were by the President's side immediately after the shooting. The dignified Secretary of the Freasury bent with the utmost tenderness over

the shooting. The dignified Secretary of the Treasury bent with the utmost tenderness over the President asking him where he was wounded. The President's first thought seems to have been of his wife. "Go," he said to Mr. Windom, and telegraph my wife that I am hurt, and ask her, if she feels able, to come on to Washington at once," Mr. Windom did so,

The Secretary of War, to whom a scene like this was the second in his experience, the first being that of his own father, gave hurried directions for the calling out of military, and also for the procuring of medical attendance. It was at his orders that the galloping horsemen and the flying coachmen come with such furious pace down the avenue. They speedily returned with a physician Dr. Bliss, but another physician had already arrived. At the first glance Dr. Bliss said "this is an ugly wound." He did not dare probe for it. Dr. Townsend, the other physician, in a few whispered words told Dr. Bliss what he had discovered. Dr. Townsend had barely arrived when the President began to vomit, and it seemed as though he was vomiting blood. Reviving a little by the application of spirits of ammonia and brandy, the President complained of pain in the back, and as they lifted him on a mattress, they saw that his trousers which were of a light gray material, were stained in blood, which was thought possibly to be a favorable symptom, indicating as external wound,

An Ominous Staffrom.

Dr. Townsend, whispering to the President, asked him where he felt the meet pain. The President hesitated a moment. He seemed in doubt, but at length said. "I feel a peculiar rain in my right foot and leg."

When the President seld this Dr. Townsend looked quickly up at Secretary Blaine. It was an ominous symptom. It seemed to indicate, though not surely, that the spinal column had been touched by the builet. In a moment or two two more physicians, Dr. Smith and Dr. Purvis, arrived, and then a more careful examination of the wound was made. One of the physicians introduced his finger in it. It caused it to bleed a little. The probe was talked of, but not one of the five physicians there dared risk inserting it. Opening the President's cothes, they found a gaping wound. It was above the third rib. They could not tell whether the path had gone up or gone down. None of the physicians could do more than surmise as to its probable course. All of them said whatever its course the chances were as a hundred to one that the course necessitated death. There was a single chance that this would not be so.

While this informal consultation of physicians was being held, the firee members of the Cabinet stood near the President, Gen. James bathing his head, Secretary Lincoln and Mr. Windom making preparations for such exigencies as might arise.

Standing by the President there in that upper Dr. Townsend, whispering to the President,

ing his head, Secretary Lincoln and Sr. windom making preparations for such exigencies as might arise.

Standing by the President there in that upper room was a man broken down in paroxysms of grief, tears falling from his eyes, asking the President where he felt hurt worst. This was Col. Robert G. Ingersoil, Ho took the President's hand and said: "General, tell me where you are pained the most." The President repiled: "I feel a trickly sensation in my feet." Col. Ingersoil turned away with a face like death. He said to the physicians that "the President says he feels a prickly sensation in his feet." The surkeon simply nodded.

Then silently withdrawing Dr. Blies to one side, a simple question and an answer passed between them. Col. Ingersoil went back and took the President's hand. The President opened his eyes and smiled. Not a word was said between them further. Col. Ingersoil went away as Dr. Ingersoil descended the stairs.

TAKEN TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

TAKEN TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

It became evident that there was one thing to do, that was to remove the President from the inconvenient room in which he was placed. The police ambulance was sent for, as being the most convenient vehicle for carrying the President. A mattress was placed in it, and then when it was ready an open pathway was made between the dense throng of peeple, and the President was brought down and placed within the conveyance. It was a sight to make those who saw it weep. Many had seen the President fifteen minutes before in the full picture of health, and now he lay with blood-stained clothes, with paied face, halfparted lips, and half-closed eyes. Two physicians were at his side. The ambulance was driven rapidly, followed by a large throng, over the smooth pavements to the White House. The President said nothing as he was being carried along, until a rough place on filteenth street was reached, where the joiting evidently caused him great pain, for he moaned. On arriving at the White House he was carried to the upper chamber, on the southwest corner, and there a more careful examination of the wound was made. Surgeon-General Barnes, Drs. Bliss and Harris, and Secretary Lincoln stood around the bedside of the President. TAKEN TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

stood around the bedside of the President.

THE WORST FEARS VERFFED.

Every member of the Cabinet followed the wounded President to the White House, and wives and daughters of Cabinet officers performed the tender womanly officers in the absence of the wife, who was approaching the national capital with all the speed that steam can give. Officials of all grades assembled, some of them being even permitted to enter the President's Chamber. It was thought that the wound might be probed immediately, but this was not deemed sale. There were many indications of internal hemorrhage. The temperature increased rapidly, and the pulse was greatly quickened. Soon after the return from the debot, there were great hopes that the wound might not prove fail, but when it was discovered that the physician declined to make the search for it, and postponed any further examination until 3 P. M., it became apparent the President was too week to submit to the operation, and the hopes of recovery rested first in the location of the bullet and next in a strong constitution. The hours that intervened were to tell the story. Meanwhile everything was done to relieve the sufferer. His head was clear, and he was very comfortable. He compalies of nothing except of pain and a twitching in his feet. That, the surgeons said, was not a good symptom. Soon after he had been placed upon his bed Mr. Blaine came in. He had stopped in the antercom long enough to write in his own hand the following despatch to Minister Lowell at London: THE WORST FEARS VERIFIED.

MR. BLAINE'S COOLNESS.

When Dr. Bliss informed the President that his condition was critical the President said:

Doctor, I am not afraid to die, I want to know what you think about my condition. Tell me the worst. The Doctor replied that his condition was very serious; that he had some chances of life, but that he would do well to prepare for the worst. One of the lades of the Cabinet afterward cheerfully said to the President: "We expect to pull you through, Mr. President." Mr. Garfield auswered: "And I am going to try to help you pull me through." He never lost his spirits not even when the Doctor informed him that he perhaps had not many hours to live. He said then, "God's will be done; I am content." But from the moment that he learned that he might not live his thoughts turned more anxiously to the arrival of his wite. THE CABINET OFFICERS.

During the afternoon the Cabinet officers en

called in Wail street, and made that remarkable speech which had such an effect in quieting the mob.

The builetins of the day have told in a fragmentary way the story of a sad day's businessuntil nightfall. It is possible now to put together in a more connected way this painful story. "I suspect the wound is fatal," said the President, to a near friend this morning soon after he was shot, and to another friend, one of the good women who have been watching so tenderly at his bedside, he said, "God's will be done. I am content either way." The intercourse of the President with his Cabinet yesterday, always very cordial, is said by every member to have been marked by unusual friendiness and kindness, Mr. Blaine spent the greater part of last evening with him, as it had been arranged that the Secretary of State should remain in the city, and fluish some dehad been arranged that the Secretary of State should remain in the city, and finish some details of business which the President had not been able to do. As the Secretary was about to leave the President said. I will say good-by, as I know that you are not an early riser. Mr. Beatne answered. I will show you that I can rise early, for I will call for you with my carriage and take you to the train at 9 o'clock to-morrow." At 9 o'clock Secretary Blaine arrived at the White House with his carriage, and President Garfield entered it, and the two rode to the depot. Secretary Blaine's neconnt of what probably was his last extended conversation with the President is a very touching one. It was substantially this: I have, said the President." now completed four months of the Administration, and everything is going well. The Cabinet is each day becoming more wedded together. There never to this day, has been an unkind word said across that Cabinet table. The members are all working together in complete harmony, and plans are forming which will make the Administration a wise and good one." And," said Secretary Blaine, "the President's plans were broad, comprehensive, and just. He had commenced what would have been a brilliant Administration. He proposed to do equal justice to every man, and I know that he had not an unkind thought in life against any woman, man, or child."

"We talked on in this way," said Mr. Blaine, "until we arrived at the station. We both got out together and entered at the ladies' entrance."

"We had not long been there when I heard a pistol fired. I did not dream that any one had lired at the President or at any of us. I knew nowever, that it must be near, as the noise was deadening in my ears, like the reverbation from a cannon shot when one stands near it. I thought this is a town where pistols are used freely. Some row is going on in the depot building, and a stray shot might hit the President, I looked around, turning from the President, to see where it was, I did not even then comprehend that the shot could have been aimed at him. As I did so I heard the President say, "My God!" and, turning quickly, I saw him failing by my side, and heard another shot. I instinctively rushed toward the assassin. It was too late, and needlese. Strong arms had already pinioned him and I turned to lift the poor biseding Fresident beside me. We placed him on a mattress, and carried him to the superintendent's room in the second story. You know the rest. It was all over in two minutes, but the villain understood his work. The heavy tall did not main a limb or miss its mark. It had lodged in the vitals." THE FATAL SHOT FIRED.

within understood his wear. The head iodged in the vitals."

THE ASSASSIN CAUGHT.

Who was the assassin? That was the question that was upon everybody's lips. No one knew him. But few had seen him, so quickly had he been hustled away when the reports of the pistol were heard. Mr. Parks, the ticket agent, looked out of the window through which tickets are passed, and saw the man standing there and, with a bound which was wonderfully skilful, leaped through the window and in an instant selzed the man by his shoulder. At the same moment a policeman named Kearney seized him by the other arm. The man made no resistance whatever. He evidently expected arcest. He simply turned after he saw the President fall, and to go with the utmost unconcern toward the door. When he was seized he handed his pissol to the policeman, and said: "It is all right." An expression that was heard incorrectly and wont rapidly through the crowd, was, "I am a Stalwart." He made no other romarks, excepting simply to say, "I wish you would frand this paper to Gen. Sherman." The officer led him across the street to Police Headquarters, which was but a block away. No one who saw the officer taking the man knew who his prisoner was, and it was well for the man that he was arrested so soon, and was speedily placed in safety. When he reinched Police Headquarters he was dumb. There was nothing in his manner to indicate that he had committed any crime, or that he was in the was speedily placed in safety. When he reached Police Headquarters he was dumb. There was nothing in his manner to indicate that he had committed any crime, or that he was in the least decree excited. He was searched and various papers taken from his person, all bearing more or less ubout the act. They were given to District Attorney Corkhill, who positively refused to give them to the press.

The prisoner was not long in Police Headquarters before it became evident that there was no safe place for him. A wild and angry mob were collecting outside, surging and hooting, and mingled with the other cries were cries of "Lynch him!" He heard these cries, but paid no attention to them. Of all the persons at Police Headquarters none seemed less concerned than he. He heard all that took place. There was a hustling to and fro, and much whispering in the corridors. There was much private consultation, many hurried orders. A passing cab was halled, and in a moment Guiteau was hustled into it. The driver was directed to make all haste and go to the jail. The driver John O'Connor, an Irishman with a broque and a friend of the President's, had no easy task in driving the prisoner in safety to the jail. He sat unmanned with the three officers, and said but little

to them. A wild mob followed the carriage crying, "Lynch him! Lynch him!" O'Connor lashed his horses into a foam, and succeeded in getting sheed of the mob. In a few moments Guiteau was safely lodged in jail. Not so safely, however, but that a file of soldirs was afterward sent to guard it.

The lustant he stepped into the jail the jailer recognized him, and said this man has been here before, looking for the place where they were going to keep him. He said but little to the officers, and about the little that he did say there they give such conflicting statements about it that but little dependence can be placed upon it. There is no question but that he did intimate that he was a Grant man and warm Staiwart.

Guiteau is believed to be a poor crack-brained, irresponsible being, who conceived and executed his plan without knowledge of a soul. He has been brooding over it for weeks. In fact he meant to shoot the President two weeks ago in the same place.

It was at first supposed from the mirapprehension of his remark, which was, "It is all right," and was incorrectly reported as I am Staiwart," that he might have taken upon himself the assassination on account of the Staiwart troubles at Albany. For the time being it created intense excitement, and some rather threatening and incondiary remarks were used in the crowd. But later it was found that he and he alone was responsible for what had been done, and the assertion of the officers who arrested him that he had the expression of the eves of one bereft of reason allayed the feeling against him.

The following letter was taken from the prisoner's pocket at Police Headquarters:

"To the White House:
"To the White House:
"To the Republican party

The following letter was taken from the prisoner's pocket at Police Headquarters:

"To the White Hous:

"The President's tragic death was a sad necessity, but it will unite the Republican party and save the republic. Life is a flimsy dream, and it matters little when one goes. A human life is of small value. During the war thousands of brave boys went down without a tear. I presume the President was a Christian, and that he will be happier in Paradise than here. It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband this way than by natural death. He is liable to go at any time any way. I had no ill-will toward the President. His death was a political necessity.

"I am a lawyer, a theologian, and a politician. I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts. I was with Gen. Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I have some papers for the press which I shall leave with Byron Andrews and his cojournalists at 1,240 New York avenue, where all the reporters can see them. I am going to the jail.

The papers referred to above have not yet been given out for publication.

The following letter was found on the street soon after Guiteau's arrest, with the envelope unscaled and addressed. "Please deliver at once:"

"To Gen. Sherman or his first assistant in charge of the War Department.

"To Gen. Sherman or his Arst assistant in charge of the War Department." To lien. Sherman.

"I have just shot the President. I shot him several times, as I wished him to go as easily as possible. His death was a political necessity. I mm a lawyer, theologian, and political necessity. I mm a lawyer, theologian, and politician. I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts. I was with Gen. Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I am going to the jail. Please order out your troops and take possession of the jail at once. Very respectfully. (Signed)

"CHARLES GUITEAU."

On receiving the above Gen. Sherman gave it the following endorsement:

HEADQUARTELES OF THE ARMY.

WASHINOTON, D. C., July 2, 1881, 11:35 A. M.

This letter was handed me this minute by Major William G. Brock, Chief of Police. I don't know the writer, never heard of or saw him to my knowledge, and hereby return it to the keeping of the above-named parties as testimony in the case.

(Signed)

W. T. Sherman General.

(Signed) W. T. SHERMAN, General.

MRS. GARFIELD'S GRIEF.

Elberon, Long Branch, July 2 .- The sea air has done wonders for Mrs. Garfield, who

malaria contracted in the White House. Her first week ended last Saturday happily. She was a loved wife and mother, surrounded by her husband and children, and rapidly regaining health and strength. Her second have thought," said one of the most pror, nent lady friends of Mrs. Carfield, in this house this morning, "that that strong man who went away morning, "that that strong man who went away from here on Monday morning, waving adleus to those he left behind him for only a few days would be lying at the point of death to-night?" Never was more profound sympathy expressed than that which I hear from all sides to-night. The corridor of the hotel is flilled with prominent men from every quarter of the country, and they have apparently but one sentiment, deep sorrow for the dying President, and pity for his bereaved household. Many ladies came in with their escorts to look at the latest builetins. Gen, Grant also came a moment ago, but his impassive face showed no emotion. He declined to express himself further than he had done in a telegram that he had sent to Secretary Lincoln. That telegram was as follows:

15. Rebert 7. Lincoln, Secretary of War, Wichington, D. C.
Please despatch the condition of the President News received is conflicting. I hope the tavorable may be confirmed. Express to the Fresident my deep sympathy and hope that he may speedily recover. U. S. Gasar.

The reply came only a short time ago, after the General had bought some cigars and gone away puffing impassively. It is as follows:

Gen, U. S. Grant, Elberon, N. J.

The President's condition is very serious, and excites our greatest apprehensions. There is internal hemorrhage. The surgeons are evidently very anxious and guarded in their expressions. He is perfectly clear in mind, and desires me to thank you for your telegram, which I just gave to hum is substances. from here on Monday morning, waving adieus

which I just gave to him in substance.

Rossur T. Lincols, Secretary of War.

Mrs. Garfield, Miss Mollie Garfield, and Gen. and Mrs. Swaim came from their rooms this morning. Mrs. Garfield admired the beauty of the morning and stokes with evident pleasure of the reunion with President Garfield in New York later in the day. It had been arranged that the party was to set out for New York in a train of the Long Branch Division from this station at 12:22. From New York it was the purpose to proceed to the residence of Mr. Cyrus W. Field, in Irvington, in Mr. Field's steam yacht. The cool, bright morning gave abundant promise of a delightful journey. From the drawing room the party wont to the dining room and sat down to breakfast together. The breakfast lasted until 10 o'clock. Then Mrs. Garfield and her friends returned to the drawing room, whose windows command a view of the ocean, Soon after 10 a bell boy summoned Gen. Swaim to the office, where Mr. C. T. Jones, the proprietor, handed nim a telegar im. Gen. Swaim tore the telegram open indifferently, supposing that it was from some friend on business. But he read the following:

Mrs. Garfield, Stealm, Effector:

he read the following:

Washington, D. C., July 2, 1881.

To Gen. J. Stealer. Etheron:
The President has been shot, and I am afraid is seriously wounded. Keep it from Mrs. Garfield till you hear further.

Liter.—Doctors say not dangerous.

Rockwait. Gier.—Dectors say not dangerous. Rockwill.

Gien. Swaim was evidently deeply moved. He reflected for a moment, and then returned the telegram to its envelope and put it in his breast pocket. He returned to the drawing room and conversed with the ladies as though nothing was upon his mind. Several minutes later the bell boy again summoned him to the office, where this telegram awaited him:

Executive Massion, Washissiton, D. C., July 2. To tion. Searm:

We have the President safely and comfortably settled in his room at the Executive Mansion, and his pulse is alrong and hearly normal. So far as I can determine, and from what the surgeons say and from his general condition, we feel very hopeful. Come on as soon as you can get a special fram. Advise used the movements of your t am and when you can be expected. As the President and on a similar occasion safer a year ago, "tool reigns, and the Government in Washington shift inves."

A. F. Rockwall.

Can Sweim wont into the drawing room again. Gen. Swaim went into the drawing room again,

Gen. Swaim went into the drawing room again, and with as much calmness as he could assume said: "Mrs. Garfield, it may be necessary for us to go direct to Washington. An accident has happened to Gen. Garfield." Mrs. Garfield and Miss Mollie turned pale, and looked anxiously at Gen. Swaim. "So far as I am informed," he went on, hoping to avoid close questioning. "the accident is not so serious as was at first supposed." Mrs. Garfield begged Gen. Swaim to tell her the whole train, and as gently and sympathatically as possible he touther. She and Miss Mollie and Mrs. Swaim retired at once to their rooms. Mrs. Garfield was too much affected to do anything toward hurrying the preparations rooms. Mrs. Garffeld was too much affected to do anything toward hurrying the preparations for departure, but Mollie and Mrs. Swaim re-lieved her. Just before 11 o'clock a telegram for Mrs. Garffeld was reserved and sent to her room. It was as follows: Br. Garfeld Elector. Less Branch. The President desires me to say to you, from him, that hers her serious hurf, how settinging he cannot yet

Executive Massics, Washington, D. C., July 2, 1881.

Don't believe sensational despatches about the Picsi-ient. Will keep you constantly advend. J. S. Brown Close upon this telegram was the following:

a conversation with the reporter Gen. Grant said:

"I called upon Mrs. Garfield this morning, and was surprised to find her so cool and collected in her mind. I expressed my feelings of sympathy, and she received them kindly. She gave no sign of excitement. To the gentlemen I spoke with in the corridor I expressed myself very strongly, for I felt it, and do now. I think that if this assassination is the work of Nihilists, they should not be harbored in this country. Their presence here should be prevented by legislative action or otherwise. If they assassinate abroad, they will do it here, and such people should not find a harbor in the United States. My last despatches relative to the condition of the President are not so favorable."

Just before the departure of Mrs. Garfield a letter of condolence was received from Vice-President Arthur.

GARFIELD'S SONS AT MENTOR.

GARFIELD'S SONS AT MENTOR CLEVELAND, July 2.—The President's sons, Irwin and Abram, 9 and 11 years of age, who left Long Branch yesterday with Mrs. Boynton, arrived at Mentor to-day, where the Garfield farm is under charge of Capt. Rudoiph, Mrs. Garfield's brother. The news was kept from them until they reached home, but they do not understand its significance, and were happily at play. The deepest grief was everywhere apparent, the old farmers congregating about the depot waiting anxiously for each word. It was a personal grief with each

CLEVELAND, July 2.- Immediately on the receipt of the news that President Garfield had been shot, Mrs. Larabee, the President's sister, with whom the aged mother of Gen. Garfied had been staying, sent her mother over to the house of Mrs. M. Trowbridge, another sister, living about a quarter of a mile away, out of hearing of the dreadful news. An hour later,

at about noon, the following despatch was re-ceived by Mrs. Larabee:

Don't be slarined by sensational rumors. The doctors think the wound is not tail. Don't think of centing until you hear further.

The signature is that of the President's 17-year-old son. Mr. Garfield's mother has been prostrated for some days in consequence of the death of her brother-in-law. Thomas A. Garfield', and only this morning she was informed of the death of Mrs. Arnold, the President's cousin, who died yeaterday, and it was deemed certain that the death of James A. would kill her. This morning the mother said to Mrs. Larabee: "I expect something is going to happen to James's family."

"Mother, don't worry," said Mrs. Larabee; "I think the trouble in James's family is passed," alluding to Mrs. Garfield's illness.

"No: I fear something is going to happen to James," the mother replied.

She afterward reiterated her presentment to Mrs. Trowbridge, adding: "Accidents never come singly, and I feel that something is going to happen to James."

Before Gen. Garfield left for Washington in March Mr. Larrabee wanted him to take care of himself. Gen. Garfield's reply was, "I am no coward," and "I cannot have a body guard about me all the time."

The sisters have agreed to keep the news from Mrs. Garfield, at least until to-morrow, when the Rev. W. O. Moor of Solon Disciple Church will break it to her.

This makes the fifth death in the Garfield family within as many months, comprising, besides the President, his uncle. Thomas Garfield: his cousin, Mrs. Cornella Arnold; his favorite niece, Mrs. Hattle Paimer, who for-

as many months, comprising, sident, his uncle, Thomas Gar-sin, Mrs. Cornella Arnold; his Mrs. Hattie Paimer, who for-

VICE-PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

He Departs for Washington at Midnight after a Day of Anxlety and Distress.

Vice-President Chester A. Arthur arrived in the city yesterday morning, in company with ex-Senator Roacoe Conkling. They came from Albany in the steamboat St. John of the People's line. Owing to some detention on the river, the boat did not reach her pier at the foot of Canal street until 10% o'clock, by which time the first wild reports of the assassination were spreading throughout the city. Baggage Master Turner had heard that the President was dead, and as soon as the St. John came within hailing distance he shouted the news to Steward Burdett, who immediately ran and communicated it to Vice-President Arthur and Mr. Conkling. Both were shocked, and Vice-President Arthur said:
"It can't be true; this must be some stock speculation."

President Arthur said:

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A few minutes later the boat touched the pler, and a messenger immediately boarded her with a despatch for Gen. Arthur from a friend briefly confirming the news that the President had been shot, but giving no particulars. Even the result was left in doubt. Viculars. Even the result was left in doubt. After giving some hurried directions about their baggage, the Vice-President and Senator Conkling took a cab and drove hastily to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. There they made hurried inquiries and were met with more conflicting reports that left them still in doubt as to the nature of the President's wounds. The corridors were filled with persons who knew both the Vice-President and Mr. Conkling, and they were immediately surrounded by eager inquirers, who supposed they had more definite information than was then publicly known. As he recognized one acquaintance after another Vice-President Arthur eagerly inquired:

"What is the latest news from Washington? Have you anything further?"

Finding that nothing definite was to be learned, except that the President's wounds were not then considered fatal, the Vice-President retired with Senator Conkling to room 38, where they were immediately followed by a stream of visitors' cards. After remaining a short time in Mr. Conkling's room the Vice-President rook a carriage and drove to his own residence, 123 Lexington avenue. As he alighted from his carriage about 11's A. M. he was met by his neighbor. Comptroller Alian Campbell, who inquired eagerly for the news.

"What is your latest information?" asked the Comptroller.

"From all I can learn I do not believe the

"What is your latest information?" asked the Comptroller.

"From all I can learn I do not believe the President's wounds are mortal," replied Gen. Arthur. "It is terrible news, indeed, he added, and his face bore a sad and solemn look as he hurriedly bade the Comptroller good morning and went into his own house. To a friend who, as he entered, asked him whether he proposed to go to Washington he replied:

"I do not think I will go to-dar."

The first official information received by Vice-President Arthur was the following despatch from Secretary Blaine, early in the afternoon:

reached the Baltimore and Printing Auton at about weathy minutes past time, intending, with a portion of this Claimet to leave on the limited capress for New York. I rude in the carriage with him rom the Easenthy Manson, and was want was not to be his side when he was snot. The assument was nonmediately arrested, and the President was increased to a private round in the Santon building and printing and 45 once summoned. He has now at twenty induces past its been removed to the Easenthy Manson. The electrons, in consultation, regard his wounds a very serious, though not recessarily total. He was not test consciously select a number of his receivery. He has not established to the consciously we have a number of the consciously select a number of the tenanty of State.

To this the Vice President and load as follows.

To this the Vice-President replied as follows ; New York, July 2.

New York, July 2.

Your blogram, with its deplerable narrative, did not reach not intologically using to my absolute. I am prountly shocked at the dearthm news. The hotes you express relieve somewhall be not been also been proposed to the contract of the proposed of of em by shocked at the describe leves. The holes you express relieve somewhat the history of the dest amounts ment. I awast further intelligence with the greatest angle y. Express to the President and those about him by great grief and a mapaby, in which the whole American people will job.

The Vice-President was asked whether he knew anything of the Prezident's assausin. He replied that he knew nothing about him. The next despatch received by the Vice-President was the following:

Exercise Nassios, Wassington, July 2. The Hom Cheirs A disher, the President of the United States. At this hour I of lock P. N. the President's symmotoms are not received as unitwosible. But in about a same and received as unitwosible. But in about a same and the collections.

3 o'clock. There is strong ground for hope, and at the same time the gravest anxiety as to the final result.

Jawa G. Blaine, Secretary of State.

Just before leaving his house in the afternoof Vice-President Arthur received the following:

Just before leaving his house in the afternoon Vice-President Arthur received the following:

Executive Massion, Massion 1912
The How. Chester A. Arthur, Vice-President of the United States:
At this hour, half past 3, the symptoms of the President are not favorable. Anxiety deepens.

Upon the receipt of this the Vice-President immediately drove to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he called at Senator Conkling's room. Among others that he sr w there were Senator Jones of Nevada, John F. Smyth, and Police Commissioner French. At this time he was still undetermined whether or not it was his duty to go to Washington, and so expressed himself. After remaining a couple of hours at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, he again drove to his home and there awaited further deepatches, which were to be sent to him. To those who saw him at that time, as he sat in his doorway eagerly awaiting the news, the Vice-President could only reply:

"I am utterly broken down. I have nothing to say. What can I say? The news is terrible."

Several times he was obliged to turn away from those who spoke to him, while the tears rose to his eyes and his voice faltered. While he waited in his doorway he received the following despatch:

**The Hon. Chester A. Arthur, Vice-President of the United States: At this hour 66 o'clock) the condition of the Fresident is very slarming. He is losing his strength, and the worst may be apprehended.

James G. Blaine, Secretary of State. This seemed to determine Gen. Arthur to say further conference with his friends. As

This seemed to determine Gen. Arthur to seek further conference with his friends. As he was about to leave he received another despatch, sent by United States Marshal Knox. The Vice-President then drove to the Fifth Avenue Hotel again, where, after a short time, he prepared and sent the following:

Many times throughout the day the Vice-President was spoken to by reporters, to whom his universal reply was that under the circumstances he could not say anything for publication; that he was overwhelmed with the awfulnews, and was undetermined whether he would go to Washington or not.

About 8:30 P. M. the Vice-President left Mr. Conkling's room in company with Police Commissioner French and drove to his own home, 123 Lexington avenue.

At 10:30 P. M. the Vice-President received this despatch and immediately determined to go to Washington by the midnight train:

Washington, D. C., July 2, 9:30 P. M.

The Vice-President paid a visit to Mr. Conk-The Vice-President paid a visit to Mr. Conkling and then, returning to his house, remained there a few minutes, and
at 11% o'clock, accompanied by his
private secretary, entered his carriage
and drove to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Here exSenator Conkling, Senator Jones of Nevada,
and President French of the Police Board, entered the carriage, and Detective Frank Cosgrove got on the box. The carriage was driven
to the Desbroses street ferry, and crossed to
the Pennsylvania Bailroad depot. The whole
party boarded the sleeping car Kensington.
Senator Conkling shook hands with Gen. Arthur
and said:

"Good-by, God bless you. I'll meet you on
Thursday."

There was little time for farewells, and the
party, except Gen. Arthur, Senator Jones, and

There was little time for farewells, and the party, except Gen. Arthur, Senator Jones, and the detective, burried from the car. Senator Conkling stood on the platform until the train had got well started, and then swung off.

White waiting for the ferryboat to return, Mr. Conkling said that Gen. Arthur was going to Washington for no particular motive. If the President should die, it would be best that the Vice-President should be there. If he should not die, it was an act of courtesy on the Vice-President's part to be present. Mr. Conkling said that from what he had heard he believed the President's wound to be fatal. "I am not going to Washington myself now." he said in answer to a question. "I cannot say about the future."

Detectives McNaught and McLaughlin, as well as Detective Cosgrove, it is believed, accompanied the Vice-President to Washington. United States Marshal knox was said to have offered an escort of marshals also.

IX-SENATOR CONKLING'S GRIEF. The Most Terrible Incident in Our History Since Lincoln's Assassination."

Ex-Senator Conkling remained most of the day in his rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Many politicians tried to see him, but few were admitted to his room. Among those who saw him were Senator Jones of Nevada, ex-Insurance Superintendent Smyth of Albany, and Poof the gentlemen who gained admission to his room Mr. Conkling said: "This is indeed a sad business. The news is too terrible to be true." Afterward, when assured of its truth from telegrams received by Vice-President Arthur from Secretary Blaine, he covered his face with his hands, and remained silent for fully five minutes. Then getting up from his chair he walked across the room several times, repeating aloud the words. " This is terrible." The ex-Senator talked freely with Senator Jones. He expressed his sorrow that the crime of assassination of the President could be per-

of assassination of the President could be perberrated in this free country. He knew nothing
about the man who committed the crime.

Late in the afternoon Mr. Conkling seent
some time in the office of the hotel. While
there he talked with ex-Senator William A.
Barnum of Connecticut, ex-Cov. Goodwin of
Arizona Territory, and sovera other acquaintances. He expressed to the egentlemen in
unmensured terms his sentiments in regard to
Guiteau's crime. To one of them he said:
"This is a most horrible affair. I cannot yet
bring myself to believe that the news is as bad
as was first reported. If it is 'rue, it is the
most terrible incident in our history since the
assassination of Lincoln."

Vice-President Arthur called at the hotel
again soon after Mr. Conkling returned to his
room, and remained with him most of the time
until late in the evening. At 10 o'clock Police
Commissioner French called, and spent some
time with the Vice-President and the ex-Senator. The train from Albany, which arrived a
few minutes later, brought several State Senators and members of the Assembly. Some of
them sent their cards to Mr. Conkling's room,
but none were admitted.

The Venezuelan Minister's Graphic Descrip-

Mr. Simon Camacho, Minister from Venezuela to the United States, an eye-witness of the shooting of the President, was met at Jer-sey City on his arrival from Wasnington yesterday afternoon. He was accompanied by four ladies, and was on his way to his residence in this city at 226 West Forty-eighth street. He saw the assassin fire both the shots, and prevented his escape from the depot. Mr. Camacho said:

"A more brutal, revolting, and cowardly act was never done on this earth. Like Lincoln. the President was first shot in the back, but unlike Lincoln, he struggled and staggered away before he received the other shot. It was frightful. Right among a dozen strong men to be shot down like a dog !" "Will you tell me just how it occurred?"

"I will begin at the beginning. I had arwere to accompany me to New York to meet me this morning at the depot to take the train which leaves for New York at 9% o'clock. To this train was attached the Puilman palace car No. 222 intended for the President and his party. I arrived at the depot a little after 9 o'clock—about fifteen minutes. I should judge and looked around. My friends had not arrived, and I did not recognize any one among the few people in the watting room, and waked over to the window, where I purchased five theets to New York."

You say there were few people in the waiting room?"

Yes, very few: probably not more than fitteen or twenty, including the employees. Almost all the passengers had boarded the train. I strolled back and forth elisurely, and looked about carelessly, awaiting the arrival of the ladies. I had just sent my carriags home from the Batreet door, walked to the other end of the waiting room, and was returning to the B street door again when a carriage drove up, and President Garffeld and Sevretary Blaine alighted. Their carriage was dismissed, and they entered the waiting room. As the President's carriage drove away another one drove up, and a man with a pale, set face jumped out, told the leaves for New York at 9% o'clock. To this

driver to wait, and followed the President and Secretary Blaine into the room. Let me say right here that the man did not look insane, He had a hard, determined look, but was not at all wild, and acted throughout with smaxing

right here that the man did not look insane. He had a hard, determined look, but was not at all wild, and acted throughout with amazing coolness."

"Was the President conscious of the man's presence?"

"I think not, for he had one hand behind him and was listening attentively to Mr. Blaine, who was speaking upon something of apparent importance, for he was very decided in his language and emphatic in gesture. The President and Mr. Blaine had advanced about twenty feed into the room when our eyes met. We raised our hats and I stepped forward to speak, when the man who had alighted from the second carriage jumped forward and shot the President from behind. Blaine on the impulse of the momont jumped aside, and the President, without a word, half sprang, half staggered forward, and turned half around to face his assailant. The man, without a muscle meving in his pale face, advanced two steps in a half crouching postition, deliberately pointed his pistol at the President, and fired another shot into his body. My God, it was horrible! Garfield fell forward on the floor, and Blaine, after making a convulsive start after the assassin, dropped on his knees beside Garfield and tried to raise him. The assassin turned after the second shot and apramatoward the B street door. I had jumped forward the B street door, I had jumped forward to ward at the first shot, and was nearer the doog than he, so when he started for it I waved my arms and he darted back. His carriage was at the B street door with the doog open waiting for him to enter. When I drove him back he started for the Sixth street door, intending, I suppose, to run around the cornes of the building and enter his carriage that way, At this moment Blaine jumped to his feet and sprang after the man. But before the assassin had gone ten feet he was pounced upon by half a dozen men and secured. Blaine shouted to have the doors closed, and they were at

ing multitude, with people running from a lirection in frantic hasts."

WHAT CONDUCTOR PERCE SAW.

The conductor of the express which the President intended to take to New York is Mr. J. E. Petros lof Jersey City. He is a quiet, self-possessed, and business-like man, of long experience in railroad matters. "I. of course, had my train and its hundreds of neople to see to." he said to a Sun reporter. They must be taken good care of, no matter what happened, and things kept up to time. The passengers were pretty well soated, and it was getting near the time to leave, at 9:30 A. M., when I was informed by the porter of car No. 222, intended for Mr. Garfield and party, that the President had not yet put in an appearance. I began to fear a delay, so I went into the waiting room to look for the President. As I entered from the cars through the ticket checker's door I saw the President and Mr. Blaine advancing arm in arm. A moment later there was a pistol shot. The President stumbled forward and then half turned before he lost his balance. The man with the pistol fired again, and the President tumbled forward on his face. I imped forward to the side of this wounded man. I saw the would be murderer turn on his heel and start for the D street door, where the carriage was waiting, but he turned and went toward the Sixth street entrance. Here he was captured by Mr. Blaine, I don't know what they did with him after that.

word.

"Well, we carried him, or rather a number of other people did—for I was clearing the way—toward the superintendent's room, but stopped when half way and took him into the ladies' reception room. The physicians arrived in an incredibly short time, and later the police came, Mr. Gardeld seemed to be in intense pain, but nothing could be done to relieve him. My train had by this time made a short start and then come to a stop. I found we were over time, so I took a last look at the poor man on the floor and darted after the cars. All along the route we received tidings of the condition of the President, until at last crowds collected at the stations we passed, and begged for news. The country seemed to become more feverish as the day advanced. At Philadelphia the people were wild.

THE ASSASSIN AND HIS DRIVER,

seemed to become more feverish as the day advanced. At Philadelphia the people were wild.

THE ASSASSIN AND HIS DRIVER.

Mr. George Hauft, a citizen of Boston, was in the first car of the Washington express. He said: "Ilwas standing near the B atreet entrance when the President arrived. I have been in the capital a number of times, but had never seen the President before, so I waited outside for his arrival. When he alighted from his carriage I booked at him with considerable curiosity as he went in arm in arm with Mr. Blaine, and then I threw away my clear and was going in after what kind of a carriage was it?"

"I'm not positive, but I think it was a coach with a circular glass front. I am sure there were two horses, and one thing I noticed particularly, and I have been repeating it ever since we left Washington, and that is that the man in the carriage had an understanding with the driver."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because when he jumped or rather stepped from the carriage he purposely left the door open and urned to speak to the driver. The driver, as though anticipating his remarks, waved his hand impatiently, giving one the impression that he knew exactly what he had to do and would do it. I don't think anything was said between the men, and a moment later I heard the shots. I have an impression that the driver ratiled off after standing there a few minutes, but I couldn't swear to it. However, the little bit of dramatic by-play between the driver ratiled off after standing there a few minutes, but I couldn't swear to it. However, the little bit of dramatic by-play between the driver ratiled off after standing there a few minutes, but I couldn't swear to it. However, the little bit of dramatic by-play between the driver and the man was so impressed on my mind by the horrible sequel that I remember I vividly, I crowded through the door and caught my train by a miracle, and was spun away. The excitet ent on the train was very great, and the virially, I crowded through the said between the first palace car

THE VERY LATEST.

The President Much Fasier-Hopes of Recovery. WASHINGTON, July 3 EXECUTIVE MAX-

sion-1:15 A, M.-The following bulletin has just been issued:
"1 A. M.-The improvement in the President's condition, which began early in the evening, has steadily continued up to this hour. His

temperature and respiration are now normal, and his pulse has fallen to 120. The attending physicians regard all his symptoms as favorabie, and a more hopeful feeling prevails.
(Signed) "D. W. Briss, M. D."
All the members of the Cabinet remain at the

Executive Mansion.

Continued on Fifth Page.

The Signal Office Prediction. Warmer, fair weather, southerly winds, and

Surf bathing establishment will satisfy patrons that the facilities for last excel there of previous seasons, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding —Ads.

Hub Punch. This popular beverage is a combination of the best of oreign inquers and fruit juice and cordina - 4ds.

Jenklus's French Flour

Jeremiah Miller, Esq. Supt Curlies Engine Co., Froth